

PURPLE FRINGED ORCHID.

my orchid, if I make a dell
mosy words, wood mirrors of dark speech
with a purple "Love" alone slight.
I am all of gloaming monody
and lead through glimmering leafage of grave
thought.

one rosy blossom in the dusk;
orchid, if I shut you in my heart
on the hemlock twilight of its star;
no noise but lovers find, and who finds none
lovers, since the time and long before
Cherokee's foot upon the mosy morn
you contemptuous, as the moan
of passing idly notes and nothing else;
orchid, if I give your scent a voice
as the sphinx's riddle, how your flower
human and inhuman, part of man
infinitely apart from man, who plucks,
cannot take your beauty when he goes,
brought your beauty with him when he
came.

gold, purple cloud of winged stars;
purple crown and sweetness of the dark
sit, in habit this the dust of speech
right living at its somber heart
and thy monody with a rosy "Love!"
all made of grace and fantasy,
made of fragrance and of purple air;
all made of depth for life to be;
and it who can, and how he finds beware.
Joseph Russell Taylor in Scribner's Magazine.

MELINDA'S WEDDING.

Melinda Wiggins got engaged to Pelig Jenkins, her ma was just tickled death. Beans was scarce down to Kinville, fur none of the young men could stay arter they was growed up. Pelig is real forehand and he a catch.

Ma was sot ag'in his marryin at

and Melindy she wouldn't never

caught him if she hadn't took airy

orn walks 'bout the time he went

to his place of business and met

as ef' by accident.

I am told that he proposed by Tag-

art's barn and wus excepted in front

the shoemaker's and gave Melindy

engagement ring jest this side of

the blacksmith's.

Well, Mrs. Wiggins she wus real sot

about it, and she said that Melindy

would be dressed up as much as any

there ever had been in Punkin-

le, ef' not a leetle better. But Mr.

Wiggins, Melindy's pa, he come of a

ose family, and he wus near himself-

wus his water to be—and when Melin-

dy's ma asked him fur money to shop,

for the things he jest buttoned up his

pockets and said, "Naw." He ollers

roundness no that way when he wus

it. "Na" sez he, "I ain't tolled and

told forty odd year fur to let my

money be spent like water. You kin

take a list out of what is wanted, and

all get it."

Well, when he spoke up like that Mrs.

Wiggins she knew "twasn't no good

kin, so she said, "P'raps you air

right, pa," and she wrote down some

ings and kinder winked acrost to Me-

lindy, who was beginnin to cry at the

of her pa, the didn't know colker

blankets, a-mosin' he

help saw all that and beered

was said and nat'really told folks.

Well, that arternoon Mr. Wiggins

to town to sell his potatoes and

the money and come down on the

at usual.

boat landin in quite a lonesome

and, he went home by a sort of

path anyways, and just about dusk

Browns heard a howlin in the pine-

woods and, goin to see what it wus,

we was old Wiggins tied to a tree.

He told 'em he'd been beset by rob-

ers and that they wus so fierce and

done he'd been obliged to give 'em

cent he had. He described 'em

most outlandish critters. He said

hair was like cotton wool and

ir faces black. Their hats was tied

with big handkerchiefs, and they

queer and slopy in the small of

ir backs. Their hands and feet wus

of small and skinny lookin, and

they had blue overalls and linen dusters

He said 'twasn't their strength that

crem him, but their hein so spooky

supernaturallike. And one of 'em

in a holler voice. "Little you know

to be," and the other: "We're tak-

your money because you don't per-

ce as you should fur solemn occa-

sions. Beware in future!"

When he got home, he cried and said

wished he'd giv Mrs. Wiggins the

ney for Melindy's things, but she

it happened fortunate that her sis-

Melindy's aunt, had sent her a

sent for her weddin.

The help now, she don't think them

bers was supernatral, and she sez

Mr. Wiggins finds out the truth

dunno what will happen to Mrs.

Wiggins. I kinder think myself that

robbers was Mrs. Wiggins and

Melindy dressed up in some old clothes,

cotton batting wigs, and I don't

me 'em.

Well, Melindy had her clothes after

but before they was finished Mr.

Wiggins he'd got over his skeed and

as mean as ever again, and he

didn't give his unfortunate wife noth-

ing for the supper. She borried

Tide of Fashion from the Rabbits

I found out that she'd order her

broken-salad.

But Mr. Wiggins, he said he was

in his chickens, not devourin of 'em

an, and I suppose what she had done

more kinder weakened poor Mrs. Wig-

gin's conscience, for, seen her own

was locked up, the poor soul went

to the neighbors and stole one

apiece from each of us. It was

just to do it that way when she

those of us that caught her at it

up our minds not to say nutthin,

jest to pray fur her, and we'd sent

word that there was anything

could do to call on us. And per-

she felt we'd be willin to spare

chickens, but was proud aboutas

fur 'em.

Well, she got the things together

how, and she cooked the chickens

made the salad and borried chancy

most of us and got up a real fu-

fu.

rate supper and set the table with flowers. They was mostly marygold and old man, and some folks don't like the smell of neither, but the yellow and green looked pretty, and it was all ready for the company when they cum hum from church.

We that knowned things felt that we could see marks of innard torture on poor Mrs. Wiggins' face, and we felt to sympathize, fur she was nat'rally a moral woman and a plios one, and she'd been driven to sin by the meaness of her pardner. You see, she wus one of them women that lives fur their children. Ef she'd been a pelican, she'd hav took all the feathers out of her buzzin to make 'em beds, and she'd sacrificed herself fur Melindy. She looked kinder better when she got to church, but her minister he was young and hadn't married nobody before, and, bein nervous, he commenced fur to read the burial service instead of the marriage service, and we, bein all stiff with horror, hadn't presence of mind enough fur to stop him until he'd actully buried Melindy as fur as words could go, and Mrs. Wiggins was in high strikes.

However, she got over 'em, and the minister he said he didn't know after all but it was a providence to keep us from bein too set on the things of this world and reminded how short life was and went back and married 'em proper. And so we did get back to Wiggins', only, Mr. Wiggins hevin been too mean to get the wagon mended, the wheel come off, and they wus all split out and enamest drowned goin over Slabside bridge that ain't got no railin. Mrs. Wiggins, poor dear, was soaked, and when we tuk her into our wagon she kept sayin, "Judgments—judgments—judgments is comin!" We knew what she wus thinkin of, and we tried to cheer her up.

Well, when the folks wus dried and dressed over we all went to supper, and we praised it up as much as we could, but Mrs. Wiggins sat down in her place like a ghost, and folks began to talk and laugh and help everything. But she didn't smile.

She passed the chicken salled plates to the help, and the help gave 'em to the folks, and we all tasted it, but it didn't relish. Still we tried to eat it fur her sake. Most of us done it, too, and the coffee was good, and we cheered up some. Mrs. Wiggins didn't eat no salled herself, so she didn't know how it tasted. After supper we all went into the parlor and sat around, and S. Barker was tryin to git up dancin, and I did hope things would end happy, when all of a sudden folks began to look pale and say they was pisoned. So they seemed to be. One arter the other was took sick, and they all said the s. thing—it wus the salled. I felt v poorly myself, and so did my Obed. The minister had gone home there was a regular panic. one doctor there, and he sent fu. There was old Miss Peebles said it like old cholera tim' It anyway, but least.

airs rooms expectin to die sure it was arsenic. Mrs. Wiggins eared amongst us.

"Friends and fellor sinners," she said,

"we sin here, before you all, I make confession.

I am a thief and a robber, and I shall never be pardoned. It wus me

that robbed my husband, and more

than that, I stole the chickens to make

the salled—one of 'em from each of my

good friends and neighbors. Judgments

has fallen!"

"You was driv to it, Mrs. Wiggins,"

sez I, "by your pardner's meanness.

We all knowed it, and none of us

blame you."

"You don't know all," said Mrs. Wig-

gins. "More'n that, I went to the store

and tuk my chances and stola bottle

of it. The recipe said to make the salled

dressin with ile. I'd never made none.

I stole the bottle. Oh, I shan't

never be forgiven. I shan't never be for-

given! I tuk a bottle of pison of some

sort, fur it was in the drug department

where ile is kept, and I'm a mur-

der!"

"Oh, ho!" says the doctor. "Bring me

the bottle, Mrs. Wiggins, and I guess

I'll find out how to cure 'em."

Mrs. Wiggins fetched it; doctor he

tasted it.

"This ain't pison, ladies," sez he.

"There ain't no great harm done, only I

don't suppose the recipe mentioned castor oil for salled dressing. Isn't usual

anyhow. Nobody is goin to die this

time. Mrs. Wiggins, unless it is you